At once the wailing wind rose high and higher Rousing to flash and foam the sullen ses; and the great forest, like a giant lyre, Echoed the keynote of the harmony; It furied the clou's before it like a tent, and, lof the sunshine dazzled from the rent.

And all the wet world gladdened to the ray,
As tear dimmed eyes gleamed to a loving work
Answering its call out-iamphed the weary day,
As a fond slave springs joynul to her lord,
Forgotten chill and darkness, don't and fear,
"Absent, I dropp-1 joy, for thou art here!"

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY MINNIE CAROLINE SMITH,

The early dawn on the mountain. The earty dawn on the mountain.
The gray of the sun's up glowing
Lighting the world anew,
The opsi and rose of the dawning,
The peace of the rapture-filled ble

Strong grows the light of the morning, Clear on the mountain Clear on the mountain c death. Si ent the bearts that love-watching Know what the angel saith,
That waits for the anguish of praying
O'er lips that are passioned for breath.

The shadow falls hale in passing,
Eternal comes the dawn,
The peace of the spirit's rose-visions
Rests on the flesh withdrawn;
Strong, clear, grows the light of the morning,
The soul of the soldi r is gone.

Death and the Soldier.

[The name of the hero of this pathetic story is not given, but every reader will know who is meant. We regret that we cannot give the writer's name. We tound the story in a country paper credited to Ez.

A soldier who had won imperishable fame on the battlefields of his country, was confronted by a gaunt stranger, clad all in black and wearing an impenetra-

"Who are you that you dare to block my way?" demanded the soldier. were vain. Death's seal was of then the stranger drew aside his dier a d there was no release. mask and the soldier knew that he was

"Have you come for me?" asked the soldier. "If so I will not go with you; so go your way alone." But Death held out his bony hand and

beckoned to the soldier. "No," cried the soldier, resolutely; "my time is not come. See, here are the histories I am writing—no hand but mine can finish them—I will not go till

upon the soldier and strove to bear him hence, but the soldier struggled so desperately that he prevailed against Death and the strange phantom departed alone. Then when he had gone the soldier found upon his throat the imprint of Death's crue! fingers—so fierce had been the struggle. And nothing could skill of the world could wash them away, a man holding on his knee a little girl, for they were disease, lingering, agonizing, fatal disease. But with quiet valor the soldier returned to his histories, and for many days thereafter he toiled upon them as the last and best work of his

"How pale and thin the soldier is geting and his eyes are weary. He should not have undertaken the histories-the or is kiling him

They did not know of his struggle with Death, nor had they seen the marks upon the soldier's throat. But the physicians who came to him and saw the marks of Death's cruel fingers, shook their heads and said the soldier could not live to complete the work upon which his whole heart was set. And the soldier knew it, too, and many a time he paused in his writing and laid his pen aside and bowed his head upon his hands, and strove for consolation in the thought of the great fame he had already won. But there was no consolation in all this. So when Death came a second time he found the soldier weak

Then Death's hideous aspect was

changed; his stern features relaxed and a look of pity came upon them. And Death said "It shall be so," and saying that he went his way.

Now the so dier's child was far away—many, many leagues from where the soldier lived, beyond a broad tempestuous ocean. She was not as you might suppose, a little child, although the soldier spoke of her as such. She was a wife and a mother; yet even in her womanhood she was to the soldier's heart the same

dier did not heed their words of sympathy; the voice of fame, which in the past had stirred a fever in his blood and fallen most pleasantly upon his ears awakened no emotion in his bosom now. The soldier thought only of Nellie, and he awaited her coming.

An old comrade came and pressed his hand, and talked of the times when they went to the wars together; and the old comrade told of this battle and of that, and how such a victory was won and how such a city taken. But the sol-dier's ears heard no sound of battle now, and his eyes could see no flash of sabre or smoke of war.

will live," and they prayed that he might. But their hopes and prayers

are dear love and his hungry, are dear love and the hungry and the print string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string all title home was a way on the partie string a was a way on the partie home was a way on the partie has a way on the partie home was a way on the partie has a way on th wash away the marks-nay, not all the call. In this little prairie home we see ting," said the people. "His hair whiten-brought into a little nosegay for her new

weave the wild flowers in her curls. The President Stands Firm.

"It would be vain of you to struggle with me now," said beath, "My poison is in your vein, and see, my dew is on have asked one favor, which I will grant."

"Give me an hour to ask the favor," said the soldier. There are so many things—my history and all—give me an hour that I may decide what I shall ask?"

And as Death tarried the soldier communicated with himself. Before he closed his eyes forever what boon should he ask of Death. And the soldier's thoughts sped back over the years and his whole life came to him like a lightning flash-the companionship and smile of kings, the glories of government and political power, the honor of peace, and his whole life came to him like a lightning flash-the companionship and smile of a lightning flash-the companionship and smile of a lightning flash-the companionship and smile of a little girl—ah, there his thoughts lingered and clung.

"Time to complete our work—our books—our histories," counciled Ambition. "Ask Death for time to do this last and crowning act of our great life."

But the soldier's ears were deaf to the cries of Ambition; they heard another voice—the voice of the soldier's heart—and the voice whispered "Nellie—Nellie —Nellie." That was all—no other words and called to Death, and hearing him calling, Death came and stood before him.

"I have made my choice," said the schlier." That was all—no other words and called to Death, and hearing him calling, Death came and stood before him.

"I have made my choice," said the schlier." That was all—no other words and called to Death, and hearing him calling, Death came and stood before him.

"The Dooks—are are weared and the schlier." The books?" asked Death with a correlamile. "No, not them," said the soldier's, "but my little girl—my Nellie! Give me a lease of life till I have held her in my arms, and then come for me and I will gol?"

"The Dooks of the soldier's heart—and the voice whispered "Nellie" and the soldier's heart—and the voice whispered "

little girl the soldier had held upon his knee many and many a time while his rough hands weaved prairie flowers in her soft, fair curls. And the soldier called for Nellie now, just as he did then, when she sat on his knee and prattled of her dolls. This is the way of the human heart.

It having been noised about that the soldier was dying and that Nellie had been sent across the sea, all the people vied with each other in soothing the last moments of the famous man, for he was beloved by all and all were bound to him by bonds of patriotic gratitude, since he had been so brave a soldier upon the battlefields of his country. But the soldier did not heed their words of symilar than april. Experience has shown that cattle put upon the northern range later than August than april. Experience has shown that cattle put upon the northern range later than August than april. Experience has shown that cattle put upon the northern range later than August than april. Experience has shown that cattle put upon the northern range later than August has so reduced by the long drives that they are unable to gain strength to endure the early winter storms.

winter storms.

Fixth—A large proportion of the cattle affected by the order have been brought into the Indian Territory this year from Texas. The quarantine laws of Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico rigically forbid the admission of such cattle into or their transit across their territory prior to December is. We respectfully refer you to the recent proclamation of the governor of Kansas in this connection.

connection.

Seventh—The bowe are a portion of the diffi-culties which confuse us.

There are other features of the subject which commend themselves to the executive considera-tion, among which is the eact that the rentals for all these lands have been paid to the first of No-vember of this year. No amount of diffgence will enable us to gather up all the cattle during the time allowed, and the result must be that the uncollected portion will be left on the range un-protected by their owners and surject to the dep-redations of the Indians.

In conclusion we respectfully state, this memo-

So the people came and spoke words of veneration and love and hope, and so with quiet fortitude, but with a hungry heart, the soldi r waited for Nellie, his little girl.

She came across the broad, tempestuous ocean. The gulls flew far out from land and told the winds, and the winds blew further still and said: "Speed on O ship! speed on in thy swiit, straight course, for you are bearing a treasure to redations of the indians.

In conclusion we respectfully state, this memorial is directed, not ngainst the policy which has been adopted, but against the policy which has been allowed us to conform thereto. We only solicit that measure of protection to our property which is ac orded to other e tablished interests. The enforcement of the present order can only result in the great injury to ourselves as well as to others with whom we have busices as relations. We therefore respectfully ask for such time to remove our cit least the policy which has been allowed us to conform thereto. We only solicit that measure of protection to our property which is ac orded to other e tablished interests. The enforcement of the present order can only result in the great injury to ourselves as well as to others with whom we have busices as the above facts show to be indispensible."

course, for you are bearing a treasure to a father's heart!"

Then the ship leaped forward in her pathway, and the waves were very still, and the winds kept whispering: "Speed on, O ship," till at last the ship was come to port and the little girl was clasped in the soldier's arms.

Then for you are bearing a treasure to a father ship was dispersible."

The memorial is signed by the heyenne and Arapahoe cattle company, Hunkia & Evans, the Standard Cattle company, Leave Moore, Seth Mabry, Newman & Farr, S. W. Briggs, James Morrison, W. E. Mallairy, the Wood-Bugby C ttle company. Underwood cattle company, and the Towney Cat le company.

Mayor Moore, representing the business man of Kansas City. the soldier's arms.

Then for a season the soldier seemed quite himself again, and people said "he time would result in great fujury to the entire time would result in great fujury to the entire

might. But their hopes and prayers were vain. Death's seal was on the soldier a dthere was no release.

The last days of the soldier's life were the most beautiful of all—but what a mockery of ambition and fame, and all the grand pretentious things of life they were! They were the triumph of a human heart, and what is better or purer or sweeter than that?

No thought of the hundred battlefields upon which his valor had shown conspicuous came to the soldier now—nor the echo of his eternal fame—nor even the cattle.

Cot. Denman said he spoke as one interested. He thought the removal would result in a loss of over a half to the interest of those owning cattle. The cautalmen understand it better than army officers, better than President Cleveland. They know what is the grand pretentious things of life they work! They were the triumph of a human heart, and what is better or purer or sweeter than that?

No thought of the soldier's life were the cattlemen had gone into the Territory with the encouragement of Sec retar; Teller. He had written letters or sweeter than that?

No thought the removal would result in a loss of over a half to the interest of those owning cattle. The cattlemen understand it better than army officers, better than President Cleveland. They know what is could be done the cattlemen had gone into the Territory with the encouragement of Sec retar; Teller. He had written letters from the original hands into the hands of corporations would; be the loss rs. Forty days would not be more than time encouragement of Sec retar; Teller. He had written letters from the original hands into the hands of corporations would; be the loss rs. Forty days would not be more than time encouragement of Sec retar; Teller. He had written letters from the original hands into the hands of corporations would; be the loss rs. Forty days would not be more than time encouragement of Sec retar; Teller. He had written letters from the original hands into the hands of corporations would; be the loss rs. Forty days would not be mor Col. Denman said he spoke as one interested.

the each of his eternal fame—nor even the early are done?"

If have hidden by your side day and night," said Death; "I have hovered about you on a hundred battlefields, but no sight of me could chill your heart till now, and now I hold you in my power. Come!"

And with these words Death seized upon the soldier and strove to bear him upon the soldier and strove to the murmurs of a sorrowing people.

The soldier and strove to the kansas (hip ti

in of intemperance, said: "Oh, the sin of intemperance! Look at that tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys striking illustration of Mr. Clay's imare marching sixty thousand every year into drunkards' graves. And as this sixty thousand this year go down into drunkards' graves, the recruiting officers of hell are recruiting this army from our shadow, to warn me; but I knew that boys. That boy of yours, that boy of some one was at hand. I did not change ours. is marching into the ranks to fill my position nor look around, but presthem up, and in less than ten years from ently I felt a hand laid on my shoulder. to-day your boy will step down and out I think no word was spoken for possibly yonder to a grave and a drunkard's ten seconds. Then Mr. Clay (for it was grave and a drunkard's hell."

Now, if this means anything more than a mere piece of pointless hortation, it is a grave assertion that 60,000 men annually die of drunkenness in the United States. Let us see how such a statement the scene, the presence and the senti-will look when placed in juxtaposition ment invoked, made me appreciate the will look when placed in juxtaposition with the actual vital statistics of the country, as exhibited in the last decennial census. The total population on June 1, 1880, was 50,155,788, and the total deaths for the year ending that day were 756,893, or an average of 15.09 per 1,000 living. Of this large number who died—large in fact though small in perdied—large in fact though small in percentage—there died under 5 years of age 302,624, too young, we presume, to be classed as drunkards, while the total of deaths under 20 years, were 308,000 exactly. Deduct these latter figures from the aggregate of all ages, and the remainder, constituting nearly all those of what may be called of drunkable age, is only 356,393, of whom more than half were females, and many thousands professed temperance people. But say, for simplicity of calculation, and setting off the temperance people against the drunken women, that 180,000 of these were men, it would then appear, taking Brother Jonee' statement as true, that one out of every three men buried annually in the United States Revenue Collectors Office, informed an editor of the Daily Press, of this city, that for seven years he suffered terribly from rheumatism in his ankle, which most of the time was swollen to two or three times its natural size, and was so painful that he could not put his foot on the ground. After trying everything he could think of without obtaining relief, he at'10 o'clock one morning applied St. Jacob's Oil, and shortly afterwards made two further applications. At three o'clock that afternoon the pain was gone; the swelling also disappeared, and the cure was as permanent as it was quick.

Coldwater Star: The best church building in this county is the one now being built by the U. B. in Christ at this place.

Does he himself believe in such an as-

Does he himself believe in such an as-tounding state of affairs?

But this is not all; there remains an-other point to be considered. It is fair to presume that if a man lives to be, say 50 years old, that he has passed the pe-riod of greatest danger; that, in other words, incurable and fatal drunkenness develops and alays some develops and slays somewhere between the ages of 20 and 50. An occasional case may occur below or beyond these limits, but common sense will support the view in general. Now, how many deaths of people over 50 years old occurred in the year mentioned? Exactly 180,157. Suppose these all deducted from the grand total, and we have precisely 178,786 deaths between the ages of 20 and 50, and half these being considered as men, on the principle of offsetting unfortunate women against temperature. women against temperance men, there remain only 89,368 deaths for the year out of which to people the 60,000 drunkard's graves. The figures look absurd, as they are,

when put to the test of accurate knowledge. There is no doubt a lamentable amount of drunkenness in the country, and thousands of promising lives are an nually wrecked. Nay, more; many hundreds of deaths ensue directly, and others indirectly, from the excessive use of alcoholic drinks. The actual number of deaths directly resulting from this cause in the year referred to were, males, 1,338 females 254. These figures are frightful enough, in all conscience, and they need no embellishment, no rhetoric tropes or oose exaggerations to intensify their horror, particularly as they may, per-haps, be fairly doubled in allowing for the deaths that whisky caused indirectly. Let Brother Jones picture in his fervid language an entire congregation as large as that which listened to the sermon quoted going down annually into this pit of destruction and he will need no stronger argument. But exaggeration is always weakness.

Assectotes c: Menry Clay.

Detroit Free Press.
"Henry Clay was one of the most fascinating men I ever met," said Norman J. Emmons to a reporter for the Detroit Free Press. "Your speaking of Niagara Falls reminds me of the time I met him there, away back in '49. I was then pretty young in the profession, with no very great income, and Joe Clark's invitation to spend a few days at the falls was hailed by me with all the satisfaction in the world.

"Joe's father was Lot Clark, proprietor of the Cataract house, and the owner

Brother Sam Jones, in speaking of the breeding has always seemed to me worth

remembering.
"A few days later I had an equally he) said simply: 'This scene fills me with unceasing wonder and admiration."
"His voice, the solemn and majestic import of his words (as he uttered them) and the sudden rush of feeling which

has done." Rejoicings Down South.

littleness of a man and the greatness of

God more than anything else in life

LEXINGTON, KY.—Mr. John T. Bruce, of the United States Revenue Collector's Office, informed an editor of the Daily

STILL TO THE FRONT!

MORGAN & DANN,

Have just received their Fall and Winter Stock of

Goods and Notions.

We Have the Largest and Best Selected Stock of

Caps, Gloves, Underwear Blankets

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OUR STOCK OF-

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son's wife. You may imagine that to live in the house with the great Ken- Come and Examine Our Stock. No Trouble to Show Goods.

WE ALSO HAVE THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

GROCERIES

IN THE CITY.

WE WILL NOT BEUNDERSOLD MORGAN & DANN.

WA-KEENY.

KANSAS.

RECEIVED

-AT-

ELLSWORTH'S

100,000 FEET OF LUMBER.

Go and Look Before Buying, for it is the Best ever Brought to This Market.

Plenty of Corn, Oats and General Feed. Best of Coal always on Hand.

BIG REDUCTION IN COAL.

Rock Springs Lump, Rock Springs Nut,

- CASH PAID FOR WHEAT AND RYE.

Remember, that after January 1st, I will Sell for Cash only. Don't forget it.

F.O. ELLSWORTH.